

# THE GEORGE BROWN GLOBE

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## THE CITY IS OUR CAMPUS

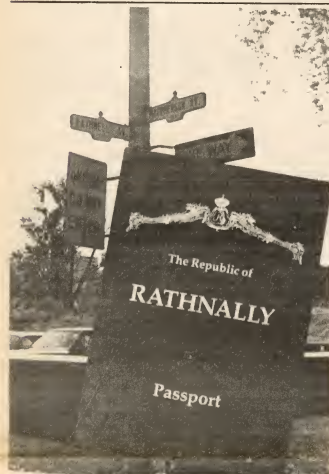


photo by dave brook

### CASA LOMA MENACED?

— "in anarchist lingo"

by our foreign correspondent

Usually reliable sources advise the "Globe" that a menacing attitude toward Casa Loma Campus is developing in the neighboring Republic of Rathnelly. This state, which severed relations with Canada in 1967 — something about a Centennial Project — some three years before the "troubles" in Quebec, numbers some 400 citizens and focuses geographically on Rathnelly Drive in the heart of Toronto. The seriousness of the proximity of this menace can be understood when one appreciates Rathnelly Drive intersects MacPherson Avenue at a point only two blocks from our own head office.

The exact nature of their irritation is difficult to determine but, observing the construction on our Casa Loma Site, they seem concerned when one appreciates vehicular traffic flow will spill over into their territory. (Little do they know, George Brown students can't afford cars and focus would like the world to believe they can't either.) Or possibly they fear student violence (again, little do they know George Brown students are the most apathetic imaginable.) Then there is something about George Brown College failing to secure a building permit from the Republic.

All this of course reads like nonsense but on their part record the citizens of this Republic are not to be trifled with. Staunch supporters of the establishment by day in both business and the public service, at sundown there is a schizophrenic transformation — Dr. Jekyll becomes a monstrous Mr. Hyde — and they scheme and connive into the wee hours over ways and means to embarrass, impede, obstruct and otherwise interfere with the bureaucracy. All levels of government, even the office of the Prime Minister of Canada, have been subjected to this treatment. Concessions have been wrung from the railways. Officials at all levels of local government have become deliberately and virtually permanently ensnared in ingenious and heinous manipulations of red tape. Mention the name of this Republic to not a few such officials and they become livid and virtually violent.

It has been expected for some time, and many observers have been carefully studying the situation. Violence has at long last been contemplated by the Republic. The High Level Pumping Station on which so much of downtown Toronto depends for its water including Casa Loma Campus — is located on their borders and, as a direct attack on George Brown College and having absolutely no regard for the convenience of other people, they plan to assault and destroy this facility.

Can you imagine the flush toilets at Casa Loma

not FLUSHING? Can you picture having the air conditioning, for our first major campus to be so equipped, rendered inoperative?

As the citizens of the Republic number a high proportion of lawyers they are prone to barrages of letters and documents and, in their contempt of the ability of bureaucrats to act, they do not fear any such advanced warning will hinder their efforts. Rumour has it their act of violence will be staged on Rathnelly Day, some time around October 16th, and the College can expect all kinds of threats prior to this eventually.

It is suggested that these people might be usefully courted as friends and supporters of causes rather than enemies. It is known they are very sensitive particularly on the lack of actual tangible recognition of their state. We might offer them an appropriate artifact, such as a wrought iron sign, made right in our own shops, identifying the Republic and to be installed in their boundaries with, of course, due and appropriate ceremony. Who knows what these people might do for us

in return — why they might even use their nefarious skills to assist us with a new campus on Terulay Street.

### AIDING THE MARCHERS

A significant contribution to the success of the recent "Miles for Millions" campaign was made by the students in three Key-Punch classes at George Brown College, Terulay Campus. The girls spent in excess of 200 hours key-punching, verifying and correcting the Walkers' Registration Cards during the weeks before and after the walk took place. Their contribution represented about 30% of the total clerical work involved with the walk. Special thanks are owed to teachers, Mrs. Trudy Green, Mrs. L. Tunney, and Mr. T. Barker, who successfully co-ordinated and directed a work. Mrs. Green said, "The girls were very enthusiastic about the job because it not only gave them excellent practice but also the chance to work for a good cause. Although none of them had sore or swollen feet, they certainly had some tired fingers by the time the job was done."

### EMERGENCY SERVICE

If you are in need of **EMERGENCY CHILD CARE SERVICE** Please contact Miss Paige at 362-3971 — locals 283-4-5. Please be advised that is only in case of an **EMERGENCY**.

### SENECA STUDENTS BRANCHES SEE OUT. RECORDS

Further expansion of Seneca College appears imminent with their offer of \$1.5 million dollars for Eaton Hall, the 696-acre estate near King City of the late Lady Eaton. Seneca's intention is to establish an Aurora-area campus.

In making the announcement, W.T. Newnam, president of Seneca, stated: "the land would remain intact and would be usable not only for the colleges current educational programme, but also as a year-round recreational facility for the entire community". Seneca placed an August 16th deadline on their offer.

### IN LIMBO

Bargaining between the CSAO faculty unit and the government team is proceeding with the government side preferring a total package rather than negotiating retroactively as a primary issue. No statements are available yet though Mr. Hinds of the Applied Arts and Technology Branch expects a combined release of the bargaining position in mid-August.

Education Minister Robert Welch has announced that legislation, giving students the right of access to confidential records at their schools, is being drafted this summer. In the past a teacher's subjective analysis of student's behaviour ability and mental condition might be used against him when applying for a job, credit, or perhaps post-secondary education. The proposed legislation would provide a measure of control by the student himself of such practices.

### EXHIBITION CAMPUS AGAIN

by Tim Dineen

Last year, George Brown put on a display at the Canadian National Exhibition, and before the Ex was a day old the fellow who ran the S.A.C. booth had coined the name "Exhibition Campus". The name stuck for those who knew it, and this year, that campus is to re-open with what promises to be another success.

The work done by members of the College's support staff, under the direction of Mr. MIKE BRISCOE, has left this reporter awe-struck, and yet the Press Building, which will house our exhibit, still has more work to go into it. Large, heavy cardboard columns of various diameters are seen everywhere. Some of these will have clear plastic windows in them to display the work done by some of our students. This is to be a view of many of our courses in the confines of one small building, and yet, by using only a minimum of space, few viewers will feel crowded.

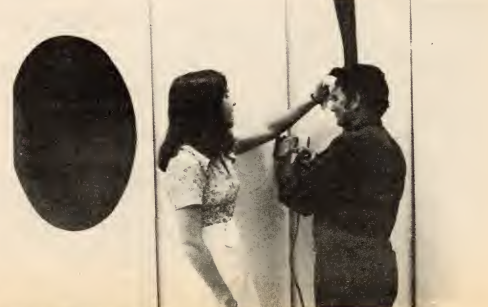
Displays will include work from PLASTICS, ORTHO-PROSTHETIC, MARINE, JEWELLERY ARTS, and COUNSELLING along with the return of last year's drawing card FOOD TECHNOLOGY'S Gourmet Cooking. There is also a model of Casa Loma Campus (1972 vintage) being prepared by Mr. J. STERLING for display.

Discussions on the "still exhibit" is going on as yet, but it has been rumoured that there will be such things as Ladies Wear, Dentures, Graphic Arts and Miniature machines.

The "Exhibition Committee" is to be commended for their fine effort in selling George Brown to the public. I'm sure those who will be working at the Ex will do their part in making your efforts fruitful. I, for one, cannot wait too long before viewing the finished product.

Miss Barbara Scandrett, CNE Publicity Office employee, wipes Jack Earle's brow as he cuts windows in panels at George Brown's Exhibit at the CNE.

photo by doug frickleton



Miss Barbara Scandrett CNE Publicity Office employee wipes Jack Earle's brow as he cuts windows in panels at George Brown's Exhibit at the CNE.

Searching back into our memory there was another concept, somewhat novel, one with *erha*, a little merit, which would be at odds with the bargaining committee's demands. This appeared nearly a year ago in that short-lived journal, which you may remember, was called ANGUISH, and



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The words of an opinion should be read not torn apart. The article "Is Roberta's Reality Real?" is a plain and simple miss on terms of point. When I read an article in the paper I expect to learn something from it. It might be news, sports, current events and so on. But as I read the above stated article, I personally received nothing but bad feelings and misinterpretation of point. I realize that my opinion may be wrong, but I do feel that there is a great mistake made in the writing of that article. I even went as far as to talk to the two people concerned and found affirmation in my idea that they had misinterpreted each other. Thus a small poem came to mind.

*The power of words shall always exist  
They play and confuse and comfort  
So when we define the words that design  
To promote a most negative view  
We should always remember  
that when one  
Defines in a personal line  
Poor words can confuse and confine.*

It was once told that people remember half of what they hear, understand half of what they remember and believe half of what they understand.

So to conclude; I say take these words and know that you will wish them for I am just a human.

Wayne Steadman  
IF YOU WANT IT - HERE IT IS

For some time, a few individuals of George Brown's Teraulay campus are desperately struggling to save the "Globe" from disintegration. They feel that the only existing campus newspaper is important in more than one respect. For example, the main objective is to inform the student body of news and other happenings on the campuses that may very well be of use to anyone connected with George Brown either directly or indirectly. Another aspect is to assist students with some of their problems as for example: housing, emotional problems, legal references, etc. Now don't misunderstand, they are not going to rent you a room, or suggest psychiatric treatment upon your request. But they will gladly hand you the information you may need as to where you can get the help you require. However, those few are beginning to get frustrated because of your lack of interest. That's right, because if you were interested in making a good thing grow bigger and better, I am certain you would gladly spend an hour or two of your time to participate in the "Globe" activities.

Perhaps you belong to the type who strongly criticize the paper at any given time with negative remarks about the articles that are being published. In order to criticize, one must have an opinion, and consequently, a reason. So alright, you have both, but what good do you think your criticism does if applied to someone as little interested as yourself? What is there to stop you from writing a letter to the Editor

or go there in person and give him hell. Why not complain to the ones who care and try to correct their mistakes. So far they had to do it all by themselves and as you probably know, it sometimes takes a while before you notice a mistake. Especially if Andy makes you aware of it. And just because those few still care are only human, they also make errors, as much as they try to avoid it. But they won't realize it unless you tell them now.

On the other hand, you may have been wondering about the qualifications involved. Well, there are none required - I am certain that at one time or another, you have wondered how well you can express your thoughts on a piece of paper in the form of a short story, a gag, a criticism, a statement, a poem or, well, you name it. Here is a chance for you to get something you yourself produced, published. The errors you make will be ironed out in your presence, giving you an opportunity to learn your English through a new dimension. Most of us have a tendency to regard our literary work as incomplete, erroneous nonsense, which we scribbled down on a piece of paper just for the hell of it. And if read by accident by a friend and being asked about it, then we are embarrassed to give all kinds of excuses as to its origin.

Why not bring it to the "Globe" office at Teraulay Campus, Room 409 and let the staff have a look at it. I promise you that nobody there will ridicule you for or about it. Remember, it's participants they want. People who give them a hand and ideas for the edition of another (better) copy. Incidentally, your story or article may win you the gratitude of the staff which they display by handing out prizes, and honestly, wouldn't you like to have a nice dinner some place in exchange for your contribution?

Oh, you have no literary talent whatsoever? O.K. That's a good excuse, but not good enough. There are many other things to do around the "Globe" office such as photography, layout of the paper, interviewing people, art contribution, etc. and surely you are interested in something that could be beneficial to our campus paper. Even if it's Girl Watching (you'd be quite busy around room 409), or Boy Watching, whatever the case may be.

At present the staff is busy making plans to be allowed to issue credits for various contributions to its participants. So far they haven't reached any results in their negotiations with the variously involved department heads. Perhaps this is because participation has not yet demanded it. But rest assured that this will change as soon as it gets busy around room 409. And if you asked me, I'd rather get my credits while doing something constructive not only to myself, but the campus paper as well.

Dieter Gersch  
Assistant Editor.

THANKS A LOT - FOR NOTHING

A smart student who ended up with nothing!!!

Man, we really did those summer replacements we were given. Like wow! This is like Kid's day at the Ex. Teachers who don't show up or are unusually busy at staff meetings or are telling us about all the accomplishments we are about to succeed in. Big Score. So what, we sit on our heavy behinds and get fatter. How in the world are we supposed to learn anything?

The courses should be set up so that you will retain the same teacher for your full term (or course length).

Most of us who have been here since the fall are so messed up that we feel that we should withdraw now.

As for our regular teachers they aren't much help either. They can't teach us what we want and should know to succeed in business and industry. I've seen so much of this stuff it makes me sick. After graduation you are supposed to have been prepared to work. How can you when you don't even know the work (the teacher has passed you because he can't stand the sight of a failure in his class because someone upstairs will be screaming down his back). We are like puppets on a string.

We aren't even being taught things that are required by the Board of Education - try to attain a grade 12 (commercial) with Math, English and Accounting. It just isn't recognized by anyone. So where do we go from here? Manpower sets the courses, we are forced or required to learn it. Employers just won't accept these questionable qualifications. Where is it all at? What is happening? When will someone get wise to what is going on down here?

HELP, WE ARE SINKING AND FAST!!!!!!!  
S. Taylor

## FROSH DAY

Sept.  
14th

Come  
One  
Come  
All



T.G.O. 5 graduates in front of the signwriting course's mural in small cafeteria at Teraulay.

## MOBILE CAMPUS ACTIVITY

The Parkdale location from January to June, has been reported to be the most successful location for the Mobile Campus so far in terms of people involvement. From a partner in the development of Parkdale coalition, a citizen organization, this was to lead to participation in a highly successful three-day community festival.

Also achieved was the preparation of a regular rehabilitation course offered to outpatients of mental hospitals. And preliminary space work has been completed in the development of satellite (off campus) operations offering academic upgrading.

Information and publicity on George Brown College was made available in local secondary schools and resulted in significant post-secondary registrations. Further knowledge about George Brown College and a significant number of enrollments came from direct visits to the trailer.

The trailer is now located in the grounds of Eastern Branch, Toronto Public Libraries, 137 Main Street, near the intersection with Gerrard. The phone number of 699-8812.

### DREAMER

By Bobby Vallier  
Life is a ferris wheel of emotions  
the highs, the lows,  
go round and round.

But a poet is a dreamer  
his feet will never  
touch the ground.

Always hiding deep inside  
he cannot let it  
show

How quickly tears for others  
possess his heart  
his soul.

*Thy destiny lies  
Scowling winds  
Of time  
Forever scathing  
And eroding  
The tranquil  
Lifelines of  
Predestines for sight  
Time relatively  
Spiraling life  
Inside in  
Outside out  
Lies silently  
Bursting  
Of soundings  
Throughout  
Deafening ears  
All tuning in  
Vibrate endless  
Motion of  
Blinding light  
Drawing without  
The serenity  
Living therein  
Yet not in passing -  
Life's heart  
Flowing  
Through veins  
Of time  
Will motion to rest  
Then free heart  
Foreseen in time  
Will ever to rest  
Truth in Being  
There beneath  
The scowling  
The scathing  
Inside out  
Outside in  
The winds  
Of time  
Destined therein.*

Len Voycey

### POEM

About a thousand years ago in a time long past  
Guides first came into being and they spread very fast  
As time went along the revolution came  
And that's when guides decided union should be their name  
Not so many workers believed in their goodness  
So the wobbles went round to stop this foolishness  
Then came the trouble about union rule  
For the heads of the unions were too powerful.

And as the unions did build and build  
It was decided their name should once again be guild  
So if, you aren't in the guild hierarchy  
You're just like a 19th century dorky  
So learn my dear people not to be placid  
For our present guild system eat desire like acid.

Martin Shulman  
T-1-D  
Teraulay Campus

photo by dave brook

## Obituary

Mr. Atcy Dudgeon, former Bursar of the Casa Loma Campus, died July 15, 1971. A formal note of sympathy was sent by the College to his widow, Mary, of 169 Joicey Boulevard, Asso. At the Student Administrative Council sent him a wreath on behalf of the students of George Brown College.

Mr. Dudgeon joined the Provincial Institute of Trades in 1957 as Bursar and remained in the George Brown organization until his retirement a short time ago. He had been in poor health for some time.

The funeral was held in his home town of Chatsworth on Monday, July 19, 1971.

by Bobby Vallier

*You wonder why,  
You think I'm cold  
I guess it's time  
the truth is told.  
You want to love me  
but, only for a while  
I hope it doesn't go  
Your ego a blow  
But I'm sorry my friend  
The answer is NO.  
For love is something  
of which  
you know nothing  
With my body goes  
my love  
my heart  
and my soul  
I cannot give you  
anything  
Yes, my friend  
the usual  
is NO.*



With demolition complete and excavation nearly so, Casa Loma is on schedule. Foundations and footings are now ready to receive the precast structural units and this phase should commence in the next 2-3 weeks. Below is The Big Hole.



# TRINITY SQUARE

A  
MATTER  
OF  
PEOPLE

On a recent Sunday, Gerald Robinson, Holy Trinity Church's architect, revealed and explained to the congregation the modifications to the church's redevelopment plans. The object of the changes is to achieve a workable compromise with Eatons without jeopardizing the church's own aims and objectives. In a subsequent issue we plan to depict these changes especially as they involve substantial alterations to the plan as depicted elsewhere on this page.

No doubt, and we hope, Eatons and their developers, Fairview, are doing the same thing. The result could be an imaginative and fascinating transition for the heart of downtown Toronto. Involved too is co-operation and action on the part of our city fathers in City Hall. Some feel, with considerable justification, that they are incapable of doing this. Some feel they are obsessed with steel and concrete towers, tax revenue and expressways, and have neglected people. There is, in, to a degree, for action groups, citizens committees, political parties bringing effective pressure to bear on the city fathers. But not to the point that it develops into a donnybrook of political infighting and the aggrandizement of politicians.

One group affected of course is the community of George Brown College which, what with wives, children, in-laws and various other impedimenta, could easily number 30,000 to 35,000 souls, more or less, mostly with some interest and some stake in

downtown Toronto. It might be aligned on the side of people interests. Their interest in this issue might have two facets. One being the nature of the actual development itself and how it fits in with their pleasures and pursuits. And then perhaps the people of our community, who can shortly celebrate our third anniversary of the Teraulay experience, might well want to continue to be a part of this area, on a more permanent and satisfactory basis.

Perhaps this community might stand up and be counted.

## A ROSE BETWEEN TWO THORNES

SOME ROSE

Right on our doorstep at Teraulay Campus a battle is being waged which promises to shape up into a struggle of epic proportions.

The major contestants are the mercantile interests of Eatons and their developer associates, Fairview Corporation, and the Congregation and Friends of Holy Trinity Church.

The issue: the nature of the development of perhaps the heart of our city — the block bounded by Queen, Bay, Dundas and last, but not least, Yonge Streets. Particularly at issue is the future of the church property which includes the church itself and certain of the buildings on Trinity Square leading toward Yonge Street.

Money-wise and power-wise the struggle

looks unequal when we consider the financial resources of Eatons and the power behind Fairview which represents the Bronfman organization, Distillers Sagarans of VO fame, vast real estate, oil and gas resources.

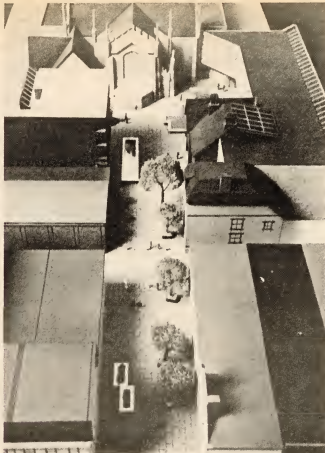
But the church owns its property and, perhaps even more important, particularly today represents people interests and the quality of their lives. The contest is perhaps between the people, and money and the profit motive. Or people as pedestrians, and the automobile. Or it could be, in this area surrounded by the bustle of business during the day and the hurly burly, particularly of the Yonge St. Strip, by night, the preservation of the quiet and peace of the church and a delightful little retreat of greenery.

Also these contestants are not alone for involved in the issue are the city planners, the politicians at several levels of government. And the champions of people causes, such as those who fought for the stopping of the Spadina Expressway, will undoubtedly be tossing their hats into the ring.

Missing is George Brown College. We, who are about to celebrate our third anniversary at Teraulay (both Eatons and Holy Trinity have been here a bit longer) are not involved. Yet anyone who has served or learned in the Teraulay atmosphere will undoubtedly never forget it and will feel a part of this place. We want to stay here and perhaps become a party to the contest and the decisions affecting our city's heart.

That myth, the Simcoe Campus, expired at the desk of William Davis, our Premier, and then Minister of Education. Our present campus designed to house merchandise and converted to torture human beings is fated for demolition. We have no place to go. Where do we go from here?

So let us put our foot forward — we have the means and resources — and we deserve consideration. We do not ask for a palace, for marble halls, but simply an adequate and convenient facility for living and learning. And don't forget the air conditioning — and toilets.



## HOLY TRINITY WANTED THIS

Our neighbors, Holy Trinity Church, some time ago revealed a 5-million dollar redevelopment scheme for their property in downtown Toronto. Depicted here are two photographs of the model by the architect, the Toronto firm of Robinson and Heinrichs. One views the church viewed from Yonge Street down Trinity Square which would be a pedestrian mall closed to vehicular traffic. The other view is a close-up of the European-style church square.

This development meets the aims of the church which are to provide a "people place", a pedestrian haven and a tranquil gathering place free of the high pressure hustle in the downtown area. Desirable interesting and stimulating human scale activities would be possible giving precedence to "man and his spirit" over "man the

customer," so pronounced in the surrounding developments. A practical aspect is that sufficient revenue is provided from the development so that really taxes can be paid if, as and when they are levied by the city; thus an amalgam of religious, social and commercial activities is planned. Last, but not least, provision is made for the "poor in spirit" as well as the "poor in goods".

The proposal calls for restoration or replacement of some of the buildings on Trinity Square. Included in the complex would be a restaurant, apartments for senior citizens, retail outlets, office space, a children's museum, and the church itself retained, with modifications, for Sunday worship and for public meetings and live theatre through the week.

In contrast to the usual North American practice, the development draws on early European traditions, particularly Italian, where much of the life of the city takes place in the square, an area surrounded by prominent buildings and usually a church. But none of these is in the middle of the square, they are off to one side leaving the centre of the square free for people. Man is placed in the centre instead of a building. And the church itself is not set apart but is directly connected and becomes an integral part of the concept.

In addition to humanity and vitality, the architect has introduced an element of old-world charm in the development. An example is

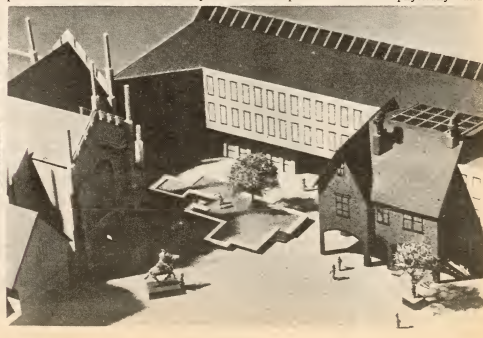
the demolition of the ground floor of Number 10 Trinity Square, the upper floors being supported on an arcade as indicated in the closeup of the church square.

There is thus a conception of residential, commercial business and religious structures surrounding an open mall which is left free for people and their activities.

This plan is now under revision in order to achieve a compromise with Eatons and the city fathers without jeopardizing the Church's own aims and objectives.

## AND EATONS THIS

Eatons, in association with Fairview Corporation, a real estate management and development company, earlier this year released a plan for the development of the downtown area bounded by Queen, Yonge, Bay and Dundas Streets. The goal, as stated by Neil Wood, Executive Vice-President of Fairview, was to be "a solution that would be physically and







economically feasible, a credit to the City of Toronto, and an exciting and pleasant place for people."

Illustrated here is the model prepared by the architects, Bregman and Hamann of Toronto. Retained in the plan are the Old City Hall, the Salvation Army Headquarters and Holy Trinity Church. All other existing structures are due for demolition including Teraulay Campus of George Brown College which we rent from Eatons.

The initial and major stage of development will be generally all east of a line projected through James Street. It will include a new Eatons Department Store, (the large structure facing Yonge Street and directly in front of Holy Trinity Church); a three-level enclosed shopping mall connecting Eatons and Simpsons, three office towers and a parking garage off Dundas.

The shopping mall will include some 250 shops of all kinds, a variety of public places including landscaping and provision for eating, drinking, relaxing, entertainment and displays of public interest.

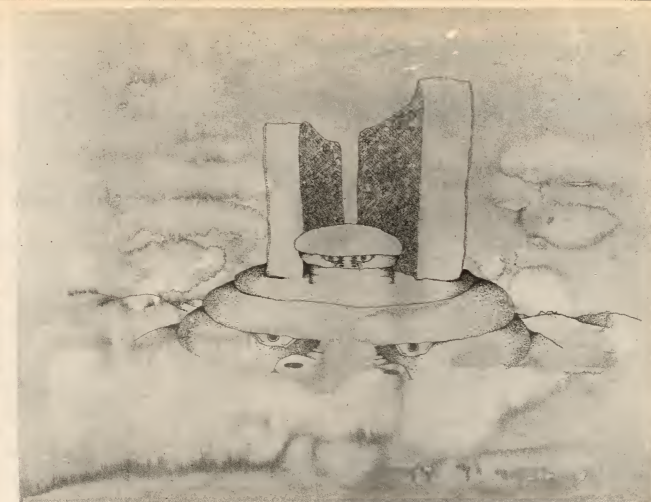
Faced with competition from outlying shopping areas and direct downtown competition, Eatons are, of course, spurred by the need for survival in a highly competitive field and a new and exciting store is an obvious answer. As a real estate proposal existing facilities in the total block do not take advantage of the property's potential and

YONGE STREET VIEW OF EATON CENTRE — Shops and entrances to the mall would face on most of Yonge Street, as in architect's model. Also from Yonge Street, pedestrian access would be provided into Trinity Square, to the Salvation Army building, to James and Albert Streets, and beyond via Albert Street to the old and new City Halls. Allowance has been made for the widening of Yonge and three other streets.

this is of obvious interest to the developer. Together they point out to the municipal authorities that, as redeveloped, tax revenues can be increased four fold.

A definite plan does not yet exist for the area generally west of James Street, only an indication of the possibilities. The developer indicates he would be responsive to opportunities and community requirements at that time which would be 3-5 years away. In addition to business premises, apartment buildings are suggested and further restaurants, shops and theatres. They would be receptive to public buildings as for example "a library, concert hall, art gallery or museum."

We have challenged Neil Wood directly on this point and he, belatedly, would welcome an educational institution such as George Brown College. If and when they resolve their differences with HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, he



## THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

drawn by peter zavenhuizen

### Friendship

would undoubtedly be approaching our college as a prospect for inclusion in the development.

At issue of course is the usual: the profit motive and alleged exploitation by big money interests versus people interests heightened by contemporary concern with pollution and the place of the automobile. The plan calls for widening of Yonge Street and parking facilities within the complex. The question at issue: is it sensible to make it easier, if possible, for private vehicles in downtown Toronto and should Eatons be catering to customers of this sort rather than those willing, and preferring, to reach the area by public transportation.

The focus for this issue is the conflict between the location of Eatons new store and the plans of Holy Trinity Church to develop its property in its own way which decidedly favours the exclusion of the automobile.

*Friendship is a holy dove  
Feathered with love divine;  
Friendship is that union  
Between one's heart and mine.  
Friendship is a Christ-like love  
Exercise to all mankind.  
Love of man, is like love of God  
Differs only in degree.  
Love of man is selfish bound  
Love of God circles the world round  
Love of man will faint and fail  
Love of God will and must prevail.  
Friends I have and friends I lose;  
Friends whose words actions could not prove.  
Keeping friends is like rearing flowers*

*Which will only bloom for hours;  
One friend I have and know will last,  
Even when this earth is passed.  
This friend a help have prove,  
When others fail their love to use;  
In times of troubles and distress  
Just turn to Christ; He is the best.  
He will never leave you lonely  
He is always near to comfort and console.  
Friendship is a funny thing, if jealousy takes control;  
Friendship is a funny thing, between both young and old.*

Posey

## THURSDAY NOON ON THE SQUARE

ISSUES & PERSONALITIES ON THE TORONTO SCENE  
GOOD FOOD (FOR SALE)  
OPEN DISCUSSION (FREE)

**PROGRAM FOR AUGUST**

For the first Thursday in August, THURSDAY NOON at Holy Trinity Church will have as its guest, DR. JAN DUSZKA of the Queen Street Mental Health Centre, on the subject of MENTAL HEALTH.

Other Thursday Noon events for the balance of August, subject to the hazard of last minute changes, will include:

- 2nd Thurs. POETRY AND MUSIC
- 3rd Thurs. ALDERMAN TONY O'DONOHUE & HIS WEST END PARK ON THE LAKE
- 4th Thurs. PETER SWAN & HIS VIEWS ON R.O.M.

Time - 12.10  
Place - Holy Trinity Church  
West of Yonge St., two blocks from Dundas



# CHINESE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

by Charles Chow

Everything seems to be halted in midstream during the summer. The students who can be found in school are for the most part attending short summer courses.

All student activities have generally ceased to exist as the summer students can't seem to be bothered with student affairs when their time allotment here is short. But some of the gym activities of the Chinese Students Association are still proceeding, for example Chinese Kung-fu, swimming, Ping-pong, etc.

The Chinese Student Association wishes that every Chinese Student now enrolling in courses in George Brown College become aware of the association and actively participate in their programme. The C.S.A. is also open to those who are interested in Chinese Culture, as long as they are harmless to the Association. This is an opportunity for the student to work in an organization that genuinely wishes to promote a better understanding among young Chinese students and also aid those who need assistance.

A lot of complaints can be heard about the school, the Student Council, or the Chinese Student Association, from the students. Complaints leave room for improvements which might otherwise go unnoticed. Just talking without taking action is useless. And I can hardly find somebody who comes out and does anything about it. They can point out what is wrong or right and perhaps suggest a method by which the concerned council or association can improve its service to those concerned. I think they will be more than appreciative of any idea, opinion or suggestion you may care to make.

\*\*\*\*

China is one of the oldest civilized countries in the world. Her culture can be traced back through countless years. Fantastic art treasures fashioned by her people thousands of years ago can be found in every large museum in the world today.

Chinese students should know their own fascinating vast, colorful heritage, and to inform others of it is one of the main aims of the Chinese Students Association.

## ACTIVITIES WITHIN THE CHINESE STUDENT ASSOCIATION

The latest activity planned by the Association is a camping conference in which young Chinese from different associations will take part. The date of the camp-out is from August 13 to August 15, 1971.

Financial grants are provided to students who may have a problem raising the money to finance themselves. So Come Out and Have a GOOD TIME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Below are more details regarding the Camping Conference.

\*\*\*\*

## ANNOUNCEMENT

During my absence, the Treasurer, Mr. Tony Mack will represent the CHINESE STUDENT ASSOCIATION in the handling of various events which may take place provided he confers with me and reports the results to me afterwards.

The President reserves the right of approving all decisions affecting the CHINESE STUDENT ASSOCIATION.

## MAJOR LEAGUE CRICKET

By Keith Walters

The game of cricket is becoming very popular in Canada. Hundreds of spectators flock the parks to be delighted to their hearts content with some of the most exciting matches the game can produce.

In the league game on July 18 at Sunnybrook Park the West Indians C.C., Toronto and Ontario champions led by Keith Walters defeated Civic Employees C.C. in the last over of the game.

Scores were: Civic Employees C.C., 164 runs for 8 wickets; Jordan 63, C. Knibb 24, D. Allen 22 runs, and W. Dowrick 2 for 35. West Indians replied with 166 runs for 9 wickets: D. Scantlebury 20, N. Smith 46, C. Carter 31, and R. Brown 20. Successful bowlers for Civics were: C. Wharton, 2 for 22, and S. Coward, 2 for 26.

In another league game on Saturday, July 24th, West Indian C.C. completely outplayed Dovercourt C.C. Scores were: Dovercourt 103 — R. Marshall 20, Mark Belgrave 27, bowling for West Indians, A. Blackman took 3 wickets for 4 runs, K. Walters took 2 wickets for 13 runs.

West Indians replied with 107 for 6 wickets — C. Carter 34, D. Allen 22, D. Scantlebury 17, Bowling for Dovercourt M. Gabriel took 2 wickets for 25 runs and K. Bonadi, 2 for 19.

On July 25th West Indians met Civic Employees in a knock-out game. This being the most outstanding game in the season, ended in a tie.

Scores were: West Indians 118 — D. Allen 24, R. Brown 18, L. Hutson 17, H. Jordan 3 for 18, and S. Coward 2 for 17. Civic's 110: H. Jordan 22, N. Baker 32 not-out, L. Hutson 2 for 23, C. Carter 3 for 20, A. Buchanan 2 for 27.

## TALE OF THE OLD WEST

adapted for the "Globe"

by Tim Dineen

Many moons ago, on a reservation in the state of Nevada, there lived three young Indian Maids. Each of them had reached the Marrying Age. Normally, this would be a happy occasion, but the young squaws were at their wits' end.

To become eligible for marriage each girl had to have so many animal hides, but since the buffalo had gone south, the heavers and bears were hibernating, and the deer had long since left the hunting grounds, each girl had all but one hide to go before qualifying.

The poor maids were heartbroken, and, as tradition demanded, they left the village so that the braves would not see them crying. As they walked down the trail, they found a console and other things occurred.

Along the same path they had been travelling came an African gentleman (he just happened to be passing). He asked why the girls were crying, and after hearing their plight, he stated that he could help.

From under his arm he pulled three hides he had been there to pull. He gave a lion skin to the first girl, a tiger skin to the second, and a hippopotamus skin to the third squaw.

Thanking him, (they were polite), they dashed back to the village to show the chief. The chief became happy and took the girls to the witch doctor for further instructions. The witch doctor told the girls to spread the newest hides on the ground. When they did this, he told them to sit on their hide. They obeyed.

Then the witch doctor called the eligible braves together and announced that the girls were ready for marriage. He counted forty eligible braves and told them to line up (in Indian file) in front of the hide of the squaw of their choice. Ten lined up in front of the lion skin, Ten lined up in front of the tiger skin, Twenty lined up in front of the hippopotamus skin.

There is a moral to this story. Have you guessed it? Here it is!

THE SUM OF THE SQUAW ON THE HIDE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IS EQUAL TO THE SUM OF THE SQUAWS ON THE TWO OTHER HIDES.

Love is life,  
The ancients claim,  
And must be played  
By the rules of the game.  
Contestants two, must stand apart  
And regard each other  
With beating hearts  
Contrive to meet,  
Then, to date,  
The gods, mockingly,  
Call this fate!

— Susan Law

Then there was the student of this college who complained to his campus registrar that his certificate was neither large enough nor impressive enough. For this gentleman wall paper would have been a much more economical substitute.

## JUST TALKING

by Tim Dineen

Did you see that? In last month's issue, on the sports page I saw a picture of John Horis holding a trophy. Apparently there was a "Staff Table Tennis" tournament down at Nassau Gym. The story stated that there were six male entrants.

Humph! So howkumitz not broadcast all over the place so there could be more entrants? I'm not too good at ping-pong, but I would have liked to have heard about it.

Oh, well, John... To-day Nassau Gym, tomorrow China?

\*\*\*\*

College Campus is going to miss the good humor and joking of AI Ball who was edged (shall we say) into an early retirement.

That's all I have to say about that... So long, All... It's been a gas.

\*\*\*\*

Sandy is back at Sterio's.

\*\*\*\*

NUDITY, UNDER MY VERY NOSE!!!!!!

Now that I've shocked you I'll tell you what happened. My upper lip is bare because I have shaved my mustache off.

\*\*\*\*

When this paper comes out I will be on my vacation... Will someone please save a copy for me?

\*\*\*\*\*

I have heard it said that there is someone who didn't like the inference made, in the last issue, about all the leisure time I had in the bookstore.

Please allow me to rephrase my description... I did a lot of work in the bookstore.

Just before going on my holidays I had a chance to work down at the Exhibition. Once again George Brown is putting on a display and Yours Truly worked there for a couple of days.

Last year, when I was with the S.A.C., in the capacity of External Affairs Chairman, I worked at the Ex for the full three weeks. Somehow, I knew I would return this year in another job, probably just as important. As a handyman with the College I am helping put together some of the fixtures.

When I started working there this year the basic groundwork had already been started. Large cylinders of various diameters were standing on end. My main concern was helping the electrician install some lights but I couldn't help admiring the work done by the carpenter and the painter. You might not understand it, but, at this point, although I have seen the columns erected and the paint put on, I have no idea what the final product will look like.

The imagination of Mr. MIKE BRISCOE of Graphic Arts, College St. Campus, is the foundation of the design of the project. There will be enough room to display last year's main attraction, the gourmet cooking, while there are talks of bringing in machines at the other end of the building. Rumor has it that windows will be cut in the columns to display articles made by the students during the year.

I am willing to predict that this year's display by George Brown will be another success. I can't wait to return this year to see, and smell and taste the food that the chefs will prepare, and I want to see the finished exhibit for myself.

CARE TO JOIN ME????????

## Topic of The Month

by Sue Marks

To Be or Not to Be

Welfare itself is a very troublesome income. If you are single and capable of work, it is almost impossible to get, even if you were on the street. If you are female, single, with a child or children, they tell you to go after the father for support. If there is any type of income they give you a very hard time. So either way you could be stuck.

Welfare is certainly not dependable. For a young person to go on welfare, it's like trying to get water from a desert. Almost impossible.

First they ask you your life history, why you left home? Why you left school, why you can't support yourself? How long you've been looking for a job? If your answers aren't exactly what they want, they tell you they can't help you, that you should go back from where you came. You'd think the money was coming out of their own pockets. It's really sad because there are so many people on welfare that shouldn't be and those who really need it can't get it.

You can depend on no one but yourself now-a-days and even then, it's doubtful.

\*\*\*\*

THE TOPIC FOR NEXT MONTH IS DRUG ABUSE — A pair of theatre tickets to the winner.

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# Whit Chat From Terauly

WELL GANT HERE WE ARE back in the sweat box. Summer sure is making things tough for us. As you all know, we can change the name to George Brown Steam Baths. Sure hope the Health Department gets a bug in their ear about these conditions. At least they could hand out paper fans at the door to offer some kind of relief.

From the grapevine it has been heard that certain students on this campus want a course in Portering started. Boy, have we got bad news for you - Red Caps are for drinking, not wearing. If you really want to wear one, at least get either a bigger hat or a hair cut.

We finally made it to one of George Brown's fabulous graduation exercises. What a mess! You spend the time required to complete your course and end up at a graduation ceremony where... you can't hear a thing but the noise from what they try to pawn off as fans. They serve coffee... why not a good stiff drink... the cakes and cookies nobody eats, only the staff. That is like the last meal being served or else they didn't get their CARE packages. Graduation sure is a farce! I've seen a better happening at a dog show. With all the money this school has at its disposal at least they could give you something more significant.

We also hear that there has been a lot of family names floating around. The most recent pair of students were a father and daughter team, just imagine how far George Brown will go to help retain family unity.

Well Gant, the word has finally got around. S.A.C. is going into action again. Now we can look for more action and more student activities. RAH! RAH! Support your reps, as they will be working for you. You'll never know when you might need them.

Love & Peace,  
R.J.

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## My Strange Borders

My home has been invaded, my privacy is gone and my heart has been stolen completely. Five weeks ago my son Wayne came home with three baby racoons. Their mother had been shot. "Please mom," I'll take care of them, they won't be any bother. Just let me keep them. Hey mom? Hey mom? Hey mom?" I had said no more pets before and as I always stick to my word, they moved in. They were about seven inches long then and snarling and snapping when I put my hand in the box to touch them. As my fingers touched the wire fur, they hissed like bob cats and lunged for my hand. I rather quickly withdrew my hand hoping no one would think me cowardly. I always look that pale.

I can't say they were lovely. They were downright ugly with little beady eyes with a glassy film, that told me they hadn't had their eyes open very long. Two were light brown and black and one was larger and darker coloured. The hair was long but rather thin and I must confess that to me that first day they looked like little rats. This I told myself was because they are from the rodent family. Of course I was wrong, they are from the bear family.

How do you feed racoons? This was the most pressing problem at the moment. Wayne held one and I tried to feed it from a baby bottle. The boy's nipple was too large so we tried to use a doll's bottle. This proved to be the answer and they nursed contentedly. All the while they nursed, they made little purring sounds and directly fell asleep cuddled up on my lap. I was hooked, suddenly they were beautiful to me. I guess it was their helplessness.

Nothing was heard from their box for four or five hours, then gradually they woke up hungry. The strangest sounds I have ever heard in my life emitted from that box. They hoot like owls, trill like birds. The crescendo built up louder and louder, until their tummies were full again. I was certainly happy when they finally fell asleep.

I telephoned a vet and asked him what to do about the larger racoon who was curled up into a ball and crying. He said that it was probably cold. (Would you believe it?) That baby died, but the other two grew fatter and more healthy every day. Following the Vet's direction, we had to burp them after every feeding. Now let me tell you, it is no easy task, burping a racoon who is squirming, likely upside down with his tail in the air.

Racoons are very affectionate creatures and cling to their mother's back. These are no exceptions and they will adopt anyone who is handy whether one might feel like obliging or not. Their paws are like a monkey's, almost human. Sitting on your shoulders they pat your face and nuzzle your hair kissing you, all the while making contented little purring sounds. Needless to say we have lost a few friends like that. One Jehovah Witness woman almost broke her back trying to get off the front porch.

At the moment we have one very important problem. PLEASE, somebody, how do you toilet train a racoon? We have even gone so far as to try dolls' diapers. They became very indignant at this, and told us so in no uncertain terms.

In August we will have to set them free, as this is when their mother would have sent them from the den. This of course, entails many problems. They will not be able to forage for food and they might starve to death. They have no fear of humans and might end up being shot. If we let them go in a Conservation area where they will be protected, what about the winters? Racoons do not hibernate quite the same as other animals. They waken often to look for food. The Zoo is not interested in them. They say too many people bring them in when they turn wild in the fall.

I don't know what the answer is, I only know that there is something beautiful in their wildness. Ours is going to be a gloomy home for a long time after they are gone.



## SAN FRANCISCO ROOM DOWNSTAIRS

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ASK RON ABOUT THOSE  
HEARTY ROBUST STREETCAR LUNCHES

# A Case For Studying English If Ever There Was A Need For One

By C.B. Doyl

I was in the cafeteria having breakfast; the regular, coffee with cream, no sugar - coloured diswasher, as my friend the mathematician calls it - and one of these molasses cakes which in an age of bilingualism comes in a plastic wrapper with the word 'melasse' on the upper right hand corner.

Two students came in - B.T.S.D. types who under the new official nomenclature also go under the code name A.S. 43 - and sat down at my table. The one who looked like an ex-miner from Sudbury or Kirkland Lake or somewhere else in the North threw his books down heavily and wearily.

He was disgusted. He had had it up to there (and he raised his muscular right arm to his brow to indicate where) with English.

Yes, English.

He had a fastidious teacher who wore mini skirts on warm days and maxis on cold ones. She cut her hair short pageboy or something and looked a bit unsure of herself whenever she faced a crowd of men; snarky, bored, half asleep and grouchy at nine o'clock in the morning. But that was her style.

"Christ, what do we need English for?" The burly chap was rhetorically asking his companion who didn't seem to have a clue why they really needed it.

"Oh, just to fill in the day," he replied.

"I know all the English I already need to know; I've been speaking the damned thing for twenty-five years."

I munched my molasses cake; took a sip of my hot coffee and continued to stare into space. My friend, the Business Administration student who specialized in putting the tooth on people, was at the sales desk explaining his penury to whatever. He wore his beige corduroys and a blue sweat shirt. A con man if I ever saw one.

But English! This damned English. Why does one who spent twenty-five years talking it need to study it?

The question left me numb. I too had studied it. I remember my days at Playboy University. Nine o'clock lectures in room 1322 NS listening to old Professor McGillicuddy (he was thirty-six if he was a day).

I can see him now in my mind's eye. The delight, the ecstasy, the thrill he got as he arched his body, moved his eyebrows up and down in a way I shall never be able to imitate; charged forward when the spirit moved him like that; did it often, and use the modern vernacular, groove to every line of Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Whitman and all those lists.

I'd drop an eyelid or two, or perhaps look at the little girl two rows up from me (she always sat in the same spot; her sense of territorial integrity, so great, so intense) who constantly kept looking at her breasts, wondering perhaps if they were still there and try to figure out what she was doing for lunch.

But that McGillicuddy was something else! He was an actor; we were his captive audience. He made the printed word live. He sang, he pranced, he shouted, he sweated! And when it was all over he passed us. He praised my essay on Byron even though I had got a fellow from QBS to write it. He gave me an A+ for my views on Ogden Nash and my insight on Dylan Thomas's "A Child's Christmas in Wales", did not escape him.

And so now it pained me to hear the erstwhile minor ask a rhetorical question. It pained me for days afterwards to hear his words: "We're better off learning how to repair radios and T.V. sets or doing lab experiments."

But I put down his lack of sensitivity to the age of Technology (at least I had to have a scapegoat). I figured it out in my mind that in an age of barbarous hardware a lot is lost by throwing pearls at the feet of these new mandarins. They don't see the use. They don't see the beauty in babbling brooks, feel the warmth of meadows, hear sermons in stones, sense peace in looking at row upon row of sweet time hedges that go from nowhere to nowhere. They don't remark when a sparrow falls for they have grown too hard, too callous, too distant. They only hear the tinker and clatter of hardware.

They do not see the world the English teacher lives in. They're members of the new set, they're all part of the modern age and they're impatient to "get ahead". Fix that set! Do that lab report! Solve that math problem!

All that, in its own way, is education (more like training) I'm inclined to admit. But there's more to it. There's an inner quality which I think the English teacher can provide.

And after twenty-five years of speaking English don't they really need to have it?

## DEAR R.J.

Dear R.J.:

You don't really know the score on the juke-box and games at the student lounge. They don't belong to S.A.C., they are operated by the Terauly Campus Student Society. As for the funds from these machines, they are in the Bank of Nova Scotia. Of course you can't expect much money when you have a few so-called MATURE students who feel that these machines were put in just for them to vandalize, destruct and just plain FUCK UP. As for the idea of more equipment, how can you expect more equipment when you don't and won't look after what you already have? If you want a decent lounge stop behaving like children and start acting the role you all claim to be assuming. By this I mean MATURE, SENSIBLE, RELIABLE, CONCERNED ADULTS.

Larry Bushnell

P.S. Robin Hood and His Merry Men:

Please refrain from robbing the machines. The only people you're getting to are your fellow students. For as long as this unnecessary vandalism occurs the only ones who are going to suffer are you and yours. If this abuse and misuse persists, the machines and equipment will be removed.

I.S.

## THEATRE FOR CASA LOMA

CASA LOMA CAMBUS will have a new neighbor in the form of the TARRAGON THEATRE which will open its doors towards the end of September with CREEP, about cerebral palsy victims and written by DAVID FREEMAN, himself with cerebral palsy from birth.

BILL GLASGOW is the director of the theatre, located at Bridgeman and Howland and the intention is to work quite closely with playwrights. Workshop productions are planned which will give playwrights the opportunity to check out new productions. The house will have a capacity of 200.

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The New Wave

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## ROCK HILL '71

by Sue Marks

If you like dirt, drugs, and drinks, then this was the place to go. There wasn't just a little of everything, but a lot.

It started on Friday afternoon with approximately 35,000 people. I arrived about ten that night and they were sure flying high. In spite of the "Beware of Dogs" signs, the barbed wire and the O.P.P. covering the place, thousands managed to get in free.

Once inside, you had it made. There was always someone around to let you crash for the night. Even though there were 50 to 60 thousand people by Saturday, I was always running into someone I knew.

Drugs were being sold freely left and right. They had signs on the information booth warning of the bad stuff and what to stay away from.

There was a fairly large clinic there for those who went too far. The service there wasn't as good as it should have been, but at least there was something.

The O.P.P. were scattered all over the place but they were really cool. They didn't hassle anybody.

There were only a few people who got busted but the people took up a collection to get them out.

The dust was ridiculous. Cars were kicking it up like you wouldn't believe. Nothing like getting out of the smog of the city, to the dirt in the country. Of course, the condition everybody was in, that was the last thing on their mind.

The groups they had weren't the big name ones, but man, they sure did their part. The last two were on Lee Ashford and Crowbar. They ended the whole thing with a bang.

The weather there couldn't have been better. I'll bet there's a lot of sore people around this week.

People came from as far south as Florida, as far east as the coast, west to Vancouver and God only knows from where else.

The food supply was rotten. They were forever running out of something. The prices were about the same, but as the weekend went on, things got cheaper and cheaper.

The swimming was really good, if you like swimming in dirty water. There were so many people in it that I think it was about as dirty as the air was dusty. Oh yes, we even had the ones who wanted to get their tan. A complete tan! There's going to be a few people who can't sit down this week.

All in all, it turned out to be a fantastic weekend. For those who missed it, make sure you make it to the next one. They're talking about having another one on Labour Day weekend. This is the place you'll either find your head or lose it. Come prepared.

## THEATRE PASSE MURAILLE

Have you ever tried to really break away from our technical jungle? I am sure that at one time or another we all have by various means, be it drugs, alcohol, or even daydreaming. If you haven't, don't read any further because you're not human. It was our fortunate experience to break away from this jungle and spend a day in a totally uninhibited environment. We walked out of the hustle forced upon us in our everyday world and stepped into the unique world of practising arts. This being better known as "Theatre Passe Muraille."

At the door we were greeted by Booth Savage, a totally basic individual, and no frills, no show, no flaring speech. Just a warm welcome. Booth was to be

our guide for the afternoon and he showed us how to express ourselves. Booth's group went through their normal warming-up exercises, that rather confused us at first.

However, as the morning progressed we, the spectators, were drawn into the exercises, and to our amazement, found it extremely enjoyable.

During one of their warm-ups we found ourselves actually, physically involved. Don't ask how it happened, it just did.

One minute we were sitting watching, the next, we were up on the floor with them. Booth's group left for a break, and then he centered his attention on us. He talked about the theatre and the actors and the

## ABOUT THE FORUM OF ONTARIO PLACE

Expatriots of Montreal really enjoy the Montreal Symphony on top of Mount Royal, a summer concert. We now have the Forum at Ontario Place and with Karel Ancerl and the Toronto Symphony we doubt if Toronto has to play second fiddle to Montreal for a fascinating evening's experience.

Musical sophisticates may quarrel with the occasional aircraft overhead, and the restlessness of children or starting guns in the distances for yacht races; they might even quarrel with the performance but that's their problem.

It was just sheer magic as at least 4000 occupied all the seats, or lay on the grass or strolled on the promenade. It did not seem to matter about the constant moving of people, some coming, some going, some just walking.

The orchestra got off to a splendid spirit started with the Overture from Wagner's Tannhauser. This was followed by guest pianist, Ray Dudley and a good Beethoven '3 - Piano Concerto. Then, finally, eight of Dvorak's Slavonic dances in which Mr. Ancerl, no doubt drawing upon his native traditions, inspired the orchestra to an extraordinary performance with Ancerl graciously obliging.

All this for the price of one, only one, Benson Buck.

reason for its existence, and it proved rather interesting, in fact VERY interesting.

He gave those who wanted, an opportunity to express his own emotions the way in which he wanted. Furthermore, the trust between the people in the room enabled each to do as he pleased, without the fear of being ridiculed, which is something that you'll never find in the society we are used to.

Of the group that participated, I think, on a whole, we enjoyed ourselves wholly. If you really want to see what it's all about, drop in to the theatre and see. We enjoyed ourselves - you go and enjoy yourself. Thank you.

B. Griffiths,  
R. Evans.



## KING HERBERT AT THE CAMELOT

This club is located on Mount Pleasant, a few doors south of Eglinton. Upon entering, one is immediately impressed by the decor of the club. I think it would be safe to say that it's typically "early Sir Lancelot" complete to the wrought iron chandelier and stained glass windows representative of the barons who served during the Crusades. It has a seating capacity of 250 in the main dining and dancing area. Even with that many seats available, it does not seem to crowd anyone. The fair-sized dance floor is really put to use by the patrons whose age group ranges from very young to middle age.

Beverages are served by young ladies in micro uniforms that turn everyone's head. The prices can be compared to those found downtown but the atmosphere puts the local clubs to shame. There is no cover-charge even on the weekends when the joint is packed.

Next door is the BUCKET. This resembles a pub and is fraternized by the younger set who enjoy sing-a-longs and Irish folk music.

The entertainment in the Camelot this week is supplied by KING HERBERT AND THE ROUNDERS. This group is comprised of King who hails from Toronto by way of Washington D.C., and plays a mean sax; Lloyd Delpratt from Jamaica on organ, Frank Farmer from Philadelphia on drums, Roland Simmonds on guitar hails from Nova Scotia, and Tiki Clark, their female vocalist, along with Lloyd Williams from Trinidad, who sang male lead.

The group has an excellent supper-club sound; a little rhythm and blues, some hard-rock tempered with several soul tunes. All in all a good all-round listening and dancing combo. They have been at the Camelot for the last two weeks and will be back again in December. Some of the other clubs around town that they've played in are the Savarin, Beverly Hills. After they leave the Camelot this around Sturgeon Falls and Renfrew. Considering that they've been together as a combo for three and one half years, it's not hard to understand why they're in demand and maintain such good quality in their arrangements and gigs.

In the next month or so you will be able to listen to such groups as: The Squires, Feelin', Katch, Horizon and the Marquis at the Camelot. We highly recommend it for an evening's entertainment that won't break your pocketbook.

## IT'S COMING SEPT. 14

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## THE HORSEMEN

by emmy french

This movie was filmed in Afghanistan and the photography was excellent. The shots of the remote scenery were both intriguing and breathtaking. The actions of horse racing, and the gambling sports were an excitement to the eye and helped also explain why Afghansians have better things to do than drinking.

Omar Sharif played an excellent role because of his own Egyptian background and so, fitted in excellently as an Afghansian.

Leigh Taylor-Young, the untouchable Moslem girl in the film, played a role full of sensitivity and meaning. I highly recommend this film for an evening's entertainment.

## MOVIES

by Lloyd Brown

For the cynics, the nihilists, the anarchists - and there are many - the Anderson Tapes is a movie worth seeing.

It is not that there aren't many movies made for cynics and only a few of that stamp or that this one is all that different, but I think it is one that will reinforce the "rip-off"; the idea that society in its present form is worst destroying.

The banks, the corporations, the power structures are all in the act of ripping off and getting away with it. The little man, like Duke Anderson who does it, has ten years taken out of his life.

And this is what makes it all so farcical, so ridiculous, so utterly cockeyed so that what follows - an attack on fortress America (i.e. knocking off an apartment building) - is to the cynic justifiable satire.

Sean Connery is not his true James Bond self even though there are flashes here and there of the past; but he is efficient enough to make the operation look all so easy.

It would seem that to be robbed in an American big city is one of the hardships that people expect. For some it is a fun thing; for others it is an annoyance. The male victims seem invariably passive, the females aggressive, even disdainful. It might be a new life style in evidence, a change in the roles. The men have gone "soft". The women of America have taken over or are about to if they haven't already.

And what of the tapes of conversations, meetings, and so on that they (the police and others) have been collecting? They are illegal. They can't be used in evidence against him.

Well, it may be one form of protection for those who would destroy the power structure. It even seeks to protect them while they're at it. Sean Connery in the ANDERSON TAPES, ODEAN HYLAND, till August 20, 1971.

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## THE HORSEMEN

by emmy french

This movie was filmed in Afghanistan and the photography was excellent. The shots of the remote scenery were both intriguing and breathtaking. The actions of horse racing, and the gambling sports were an excitement to the eye and helped also explain why Afghansians have better things to do than drinking.

Omar Sharif played an excellent role because of his own Egyptian background and so, fitted in excellently as an Afghansian.

Leigh Taylor-Young, the untouchable Moslem girl in the film, played a role full of sensitivity and meaning. I highly recommend this film for an evening's entertainment.

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